FREE SOCIETY

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An Exponent of Anarchist-Communism: Holding that Equality of Opportunity alone Constitutes Liberty; that in the Absence of Monopoly Price and Competition Cannot Exist, and that Communism is an Inevitable Consequence.

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HYPOCRITES AND HYPOCRITES.

Are we not a little too free with this tempting word, "hypocrite"?
We Single Taxers, who denounce landlords, and pocket gladly the unearned ground-rent ourselves;
We Socialist lecturers, who say, "Competition is of the devil, but so long as you permit it we shall continue to profit by it";
We Anarchists, who go on judging and condemning, and suing and being sued;
We, all of us, who wait for society to make the first step, and are not perhaps after all in such great haste that it should take us at our word?
How do we differ from the abolitionist slave holder, or the drunken temperance preacher, or any other moral monster?
Who are we, to throw stones at our brother hypocrites of respectability?
Nay, we cannot shoulder our sins upon society;
Rather should we take upon ourselves the sins of others,
Make for them and for us the supreme effort to do right as well as to talk right;
And if we fail, at least fall fighting, struggling to undo the bonds that bind us all.
Folly, perhaps, but the folly that we must learn from all the prophets, heroes, saints, and martyrs of old;
And if we learn it not, who are we to cast stones at our brother hypocrites of respectability?

—Ernest Crosby.

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A HALF HOUR'S DREAM.

Once there was a new world; and beauty had just begun to dawn upon it. The heavy, black clouds, from which all manner of tempests had poured, were lifting and softening and stretching out into thin veils and wreaths; and the sunlight conjured up wonderful effects upon them. The abundant vegetation took on rich colors; and the jagged rocks and hills assumed graceful poses under the varying lights and shadows and draperies of vine and leaf. But in the dense forests, the huge animals still fought with one another; the greater devoured the weak; and the struggle to exist went fiercely on. Men wandered about among them, seeking desperately for their slim chance of life. They too fought, and conquered stronger animals than themselves, because they could make a weapon of a stone or a limb of a tree; they too lived on what they could kill, and battled one with another for the food they caught.

But one day there stepped forth from the vibrations of the elements a beautiful, delicate creature, light and innocent, but with a benign purpose beaming in the soft eyes. She flitted about among the rude men; and when she touched them, they were imbued with strange hopes and new instincts. Two or three rubbed sticks together, and built a fire; others began to grind the rocks they picked up, and wore them into shapes which made them more useful for weapons and tools. Where there were no caves, they slowly learned to bend young trees downward, weaving young limbs and bushes among the branches to make a shelter. The skins of the animals they killed, they cleaned and dried and used for covering, when the air grew cold and the snow fell. They slowly found that they were safer, and could live more comfortably, when they associated together, divided their labors and helped each other; they could defend themselves against wild beasts, and strange bands of men who attacked them, better when banded into societies, than when each fought all else alone. And they unconsciously blessed the creature who had come among them.

But as time went on and they learned more and more, there slowly grew, out of the dark thoughts they still harbored, a tall, gaunt, overawing figure, ugly but impressive. He attached himself to the bright young creature whose name was Civilization; and indeed it seemed at times that he overshadowed her, until it was hard to discern her. He claimed to be able to do her work much better than she could alone; and in time little Civilization moved only as she could steal into the shadow of the giant's robes. After awhile another form was seen to accompany them everywhere; he was a massive creature, and seemed to have being only as he followed and obeyed the giant, whose name was Authority. And he was Power.

The giant became a busy personage among the men of the world. He with his bulky servant went about wherever men were active, and in the name of the bright young creature whom they had first known, interfered with all their affairs, so that they soon found they could undertake nothing until they had first consulted him.

Another figure, one who in a shadowy, undefined sort of way had always been more or less familiar to them, began now to assume more substantial proportions and clearer outlines, and to be a close companion of the giant, seeming to be always in consultation with him, and able to help out in a difficult scheme, when even the huge body servant could do nothing. He was Superstition, and possessed a strange power of grappling the minds of men when they least suspected his presence, and holding them in subjection even when they believed themselves free. These two, with the great senseless server who had somehow been created out of the strength of men themselves, came to hold all mankind as their own and do with them as they would. Civilization still gently influenced men whenever she could; but the two giants carried her with them; and the little she could do was as she could peep out from beneath their great hands now and then. All that they performed was in her name; and oft she bowed her head in shame where they boasted and exulted. Sometimes they plunged her in some deep, dark cave, and rolled huge stones in front of it, while they worked wrong and cruelty among men, without even her slight benignant influence to check. But again, they carried her on their shoulders, and dashed into bloody work with some new peoples, and haply set her down for a little while to carry her own gentle control among the conquered people. Perhaps she might never have reached them, had she not been dragged through rivers of blood—that we can never know.

At long intervals, Civilization was allowed to go forth undisturbed and move among the people. Then how majestic she grew! How great became the light which surrounded her; and how many beautiful beings seemed always flitting about her! But, sooner or later, for Authority and Superstition were never idle, the great towering heaps came tumbling down upon the groaning figures of men who supported them; and sooner or later Civilization fell in the ruinous pile, there to remain crushed and helpless for many years.

Wherever these beings went, many sorrows went also. Civilization helped the people to build splendid structures, to create wonderful machinery, to make books, to weave beautiful fabrics, to bring forth things of beauty out from rocks, and colors and tones. But the influence of Authority and Superstition among men rendered them incapable of putting these things in the right places, and to the right uses; the producers could not benefit by them; and some possessed so many of the fine things men had learned to make, that they could not use them; and the great heaps were a trouble to them. They set men to watch them, and fight other men who needed them. In places little children starved, and not because there was any lack of food; sometimes they were worked to death. There were slaves who toiled, until they died; and they were broken with the lash, and tortured. Men and women and little children were burned for what they believed, and made to suffer every agony conceivable. Prisons were made and filled faster than buildings of education. The lot of the people was so hard in the very centers where Civilization as she reigned through Authority and Superstition was entrenched, that they resorted to a drink they had learned to make, which drowned their sorrows and rendered them wild, frantic, delirious, cruel and demoniac.

So it came about that after several thousand years, after a great deal of bloodshed, and suffering, and slavery, and want, Civilization was said to reign in all the principal parts of the world. When Civilization could be seen at all for the overshadowing forms of her companions, she looked very differently from the innocent being who first came to walk among men. Her eyes were dim and bloodshot, and face hard and wrinkled; and her form was covered with tinselry, ugly, useless ornaments and drabbled, showy garments. She looked sad, and as though vainly trying to remember what that original benign purpose was. She had been dragged about and vaunted in filthy places, and made to serve such base purposes, that she had lost her early goodness and beauty. And still at times, she fiercely tried to recall it, and to work it out.

But now, in her name, Authority and Superstition and Power looked over all the world, to see if there were any corners where their control was not felt. Here and there they found some little nooks, where the people lived their quiet lives in their own way, minding their own business, and finding contentment in their own spot of ground without interfering with any one else. But they were not buying any of the fripperies of Civilization, nor profiting by any of her numerous complicated systems; they did not kill people in the right way, nor do as much of it as the people did under Civilization. So the two giants sent their priests first to subvert their minds, then their traders with the maddening drink to craze them; those who still kept enough of their minds to rebel against the interference of outsiders, were shot and beaten to death by the soldiers who were sent to finish the work. When the land was ravaged until it was empty, soaked with blood and smoking with the ruin of its people, the giants called it "civilized," established their profit-mongers, their landlords, their priests, their officials and their soldiers, and left to them and time the eradication of the original inhabitants.

And so Authority, and Superstition and Power grew and grew and grew, until Civilization is hidden from view by their bulky, ugly bodies. Yet they claim that they work in her name, and that all they do is for her sake. Of late, there are ominous rumblings, coming from no one knows where exactly. There are strange lights in the heavens; and some have seen other beings, greater than the giants and bearing great lights on their foreheads moving about in the faraway horizon. The air seems quivering with significant forebodings—but to what they tend we do not know. Perhaps again great cataclysms are to sweep away the people and their institutions into vast ruins, in which Civilization will fall and lie buried for ages. Perhaps Authority and Superstition and their Power are to be vanquished by a people grown too enlightened to be ruled by them longer, and poor Civilization taken from their influence, purified, rejuvenated, brought back to her first blessed and innocent purpose, set free to wield her bright influence over a renewed world.

LIZZIE M. HOLMES.

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Anarchy.—A social theory which regards the union of order with the absence of all direct government of man by man as the political ideal; absolute individual liberty.—Century Dictionary.

CHINA AND CIVILIZATION.

China must be civilized. The daily press says so; and the governments of th earth have so proclaimed. Christianity, commerce, and civilization must be carried into China, at the point of the bayonet. A heathen yellow man has no rights, which a Christian white man is bound to respect. Otherwise, it would not pay so well to be a Christian. The only question to be determined is, which of the Christian nations is best qualified to inspire the Chinese with an abiding love for "civilized" methods.

The claims of Russia are pretty strong. She is perhaps, on the whole, the most powerful and influential nation on earth. She is China's near neighbor, and should set her a very good example. But unfortunately Russia is herself in sore need of becoming civilized. Even her newspapers are compelled to publish government lies, instead of exerting their own initiative powers in the fabrication of "news." This discourages enterprise. The despotism of the Muscovite government is known to all men—except to the Rev. T. De Witless Talmage. Moreover, the recent playful exuberance of the Russian forces in China is likely to be misunderstood by the inquiring Celestial. He does not quite see why civilization should demand the butchering in cold blood, after surrender, of the commander and staff of the Taku forts. Such performances as the following, described on unimpeachable evidence, do not exactly present the spectacle of an advanced stage of civilization.

"A timid, frightened Chinese mother would be hidden in a corner of her little home. She would have a babe in her arms. A burly Russian marine or trooper would burst open the door. He would not stop to see if the door could be opened or the window raised. With his heavy boot or the butt of his rifle, the door would be broken down or the window smashed in. Having robbed the house of jewelry or other valuables, he would then murder the frightened woman hiding in the corner. A thrust of the bayonet and an agonizing scream would end her miserable existence.

"With the babe on the point of his bayonet, the ruffian soldier would emerge from the house into the street. The sight would be hailed with cheers and laughter by his fellow-soldiers. In the din of the uproar there was no room for the feeble, dying cry of the infant. Probably before the little thing was dead it would be tossed from the point of the bayonet up into the air. If it was not caught upon the point of the same bayonet again, some other soldier would catch it on his and perhaps toss it back again. Or perhaps it would fall heavily on the ground after first being tossed into the air. If it was not then left undisturbed, some fellow would take the poor little body on his bayonet and throw it off on one side as far as he could.

"Women and children from the various villages were now and then driven into the Yellow or Pei-Ho rivers. The Russians stood on the banks and drove those that could swim back into the water, when they approached the shore. Those that could not swim were at times suffocated by the swimmers. Then it was that the Russians would shoot and kill the succorers of the drowning. The agonies of the latter seemed a pleasure for the Russian soldiers. And then they would stand until every man, woman and child had either been shot and killed or drowned.

"How many of these tragic affairs took place I cannot say. It was common talk that something of the kind took place at every village and town the Russians visited along the Pei-Ho and Yellow rivers."

The French and Italians have not been much in evidence in China; and Spain, Austria, and most other nations have had nothing to say. But the recent history of these powers hardly entitles them to claim precedence over their contemporaries in point of civilization.

Is Germany fitted to be the teacher? Alas, no. The first duty of a soldier is to obey. Every German soldier is expressly commanded by the great "War Lord," who is the master of his destinies, to execute a mission of personal revenge. "Spare nobody; take no prisoners. Make a bogey out of every German, that no Chinaman will dare to look at for a thousand years, without falling on his knees. You are to spread the gospel of ME." So speaks the incarnate hyena; and his loyal troops start off on their Christian mission of universal massacre. It is to be feared that this example is hardly calculated to turn the almond-eyed heathen from the error of his ways.

How far superior is Great Britain? Read her message to the objects of her compassion, whom she would gladly gather under her imperial control, "even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings."

"An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth" will be rigorously exacted; for every minister slain a Chinese official must die. Presumbly the threat applies to the members of the royal family, from the emperor and dowager empress through all the grades of princes of the blood royal, down to the Tsung-Li-Yamen and other officers.

It is much to be feared that this practical illustration of what it means to "love your enemies," will prove devoid of its desired civilizing effect.

Perhaps, then, the United States is the one genuine exponent of Christian civilization. Let us see. The San Francisco Examiner, which proves by Scripture texts that missionaries are justified in praying for revenge, to satisfy a holy lust for blood, urges that "uncivilized" nations should be permanently disarmed, even in times of peace. It would be so convenient to be able to massacre weaker peoples, without the danger of resistance.

Admiral Dewey has long been held up to us as a "hero," and a model of Christian statesmanship. His "heroism" consisted in smashing a few antiquated Spanish wash-tubs; and his latest utterance may well express the calibre of his "statesmanship." Here it is, in all its abhorrent vileness.

"Our naval commanders can do just as I did at Manila, when Aguinaldo said he was going to take the city. I sent him word that if he did, he would not find one brick upon another; and that I would raze the city to the ground. This I certainly should have done, if he had persisted in his purpose."

This goes to show that Aguinaldo, the "heathen savage," was governed by motives of humanity; while Dewey, the "Christian statesman," the idol of bourgeois America, proved himself an inhuman monster—just as, in his native country, he has proved himself an inconceivable ass. Think of the merciless cruelty to thousands of women and children, in destroying their homes! George Dewey is unworthy to associate with even such a murderer as Jesse Pomeroy. He and his fellow fiend incarnate, William of Germany, ought to be condemned to each other's exclusive society for a lifetime.

And yet civilized America makes no protest against this brute. The press is silent; and no public leader has repudiated him, in words of indignant rebuke. Is a civilization which worships such men, and in which the dominant party tenders the Vice Presidency to a ruffian of similar calibre, peculiarly qualified to lead heathen China out of the wilderness?

Is there a civilized nation on earth? In what land is labor a joy, and the laborer a free man, standing with head erect before his fellows? Where is social service honored, and parasitism a thing of the past? Where does the toiler enjoy to the full the wealth that he has produced, paying no tribute to any landlord, capitalist, usurer, or tax gatherer? Where are all men free to lead their own lives without the interference of ruler or licensed meddler? Where are love and truth universally exalted above form and dogma? Where are legalized oppression and extortion entirely unknown? Where is free speech absolutely unfettered by State tyranny? Where are men's minds unchained from the car of superstition? Where are wars unknown, and the desire to rule unheard of? Where has the hideous discord of commercial greed given place to the harmonious symphony of fraternal co-operation? Where is the nation which abhors alike the infringement of liberty within its own borders, and the invasion of the rights of other peoples? Such, and such alone, is the nation which is fitted to carry civ lization into China. And when such a nation arises, it will wait until its presence is desired; and will not seek to force its way, with a Bible in one hand, and a Maxim gun in the other.

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NOTES.

A few of our comrades have taken notice of our request for local news, and have sent us newspaper clippings. For these, many thanks. Please send us especially items that relate to your own community, and illustrate the social conditions there, or concern the Anarchist movement. We should especially like to receive every newspaper reference to Anarchism, whether friendly or hostile; also information as to propaganda work, strikes, police outrages, unjust decisions of judges, and the like. Send them in, whether in the form of printed clippings, or of your own description of matters which do not get into the newspapers.

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Americans boast of their republican ideas; and yet there is no more marked tendency in social life, in this country, than the attempt to establish a hereditary aristocracy in the United States. The result can only be to create a tribe of worthless fops and blackguards, every whit as disreputable as the titled nobility of Europe. This unfortunate tendency is manifest in the multiplication of organizations based on no qualifications, but those of ancestry. Such aggregations of snobbery, under the flimsy disguise of patriotism, are the Sons and Daughters of the Revolution, the Sons of Veterans, the Colonial Dames, and the like. The Native Sons of the Golden West, the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, are other societies, whose influence is in the same direction. Believers in "liberty, equality, fraternity" have no place in any of them.

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CURRENT NEWS.

The Vice-Chairman of the Populist State Committee of California was stabbed the other day, probably fatally, by a Democratic politician. Yet no daily paper has arisen to demand the suppression of the Democratic Party, as harboring criminals, and inciting to violent deeds. But if the assassin had been called an Anarchist—!

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The Porto Ricans are getting another taste of the real meaning of American liberty. There, striking laborers are promptly arrested as a punishment for their presumption in daring to ask for decent wages. And the maladministration looks on, and smiles. Here, when capitalists demand the arrest of workingmen who are becoming too independent, there is at least some pretence of violence committed or contemplated, some court injunction disobeyed, or the like. But in Porto Rico, no such pretext is necessary. The people there are admittedly slaves; while American workingmen are kept in bondage, by being made to believe themselves to be free.

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In one day, more than fifty Anarchists were arrested in Rome. It is next to certain that none of these knew anything of Bresci's purpose, and that many of them disapprove of deeds of violence. They are simply persecuted for their opinions. This is the sure way to make assassins out of peaceful men. The daily press says not a word in denunciation of outrages like this, but reserves its fiercest maledictions for the occasional victim who strikes back.

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Go to Oxnard, Cal., in order to learn the true meaning of refinement and civilization. The whole population of the town, men, women, and children, showed themselves like the barbarians they are, the other day, in turning out to witness and applaud the brutal, sickening spectacle of a fight to the death between a wild-cat and a bull dog. The dog won, and is described in the press as "by all odds the greatest hero Oxnard has had for years." Men and women, to whom the torture and death of living beings furnish pastime, are vile enough for any baseness—even for the commission of the monstrous acts of American soldiers in the Philippine Islands.

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That was an edifying spectacle, when the President of a Republic, professedly based on the abhorrence of kingscraft, occupied a position of prominence at the priestly mummeries in honor of a dead monarch. He could not have been dragged with wild horses to the funeral obsequies of a real benefactor of mankind, sprung from the ranks of the common people. But the enemies of the people are ever the friends of McKinley, the first Emperor of the United States and her enslaved colonies.

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The laundrymen of San Francisco work their female wage-slaves sixteen hours a day, and are virtuously indignant at a proposal to reduce the number of hours to thirteen. This is ever the spirit of commercialism—to trample down the weak, until the point of resistance is reached. Is it a wonder that we foresee a reaction as stern as the wrongs of the present system are intense?

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And now it is found that the assailant of the Shah was simply a police spy, whose pistol was "fixed," so that it could do no harm. This is not the first or last

instance of the sort. It was another trick to hurt the Anarchist movement, and has failed ignominiously in its purpose.

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Max Hays, editor of the Cleveland Citizen, was arrested the other day for using fiery language at a labor demonstration. As Hays is not an Anarchist, but a State Socialist, this latest outrage on free speech shows that the authorities are drawing the lines tighter and tighter. It is a dangerous and short-sighted policy, wherever pursued.

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DISCORDS.

A propagandist of deed has killed King Humbert of Italy. He aimed to serve, not himself, but the people. A significant part of the report is that the populace were hardly prevented from tearing him to pieces. Liberty is the Anarchist's watchword, yet he denies a people the liberty to choose and maintain a ruler. He is to be compared with the compulsory vaccinationist —the patient squirms, but it is for his own good.—C. F. Hunt in Lucifer.

Another Kerr come to judgment! The Anarchist demands the liberty of every man who wishes to be free. Those who do not, be they in never so large a majority, have no right to make their ignorance and servility a pretext for enslaving those who prefer freedom. But when government truly "rests on the consent of the governed," it ceases to be government at all.

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The Truth Seeker continues to advertise a "Collection of Forms and Ceremonies for the Use of Liberals on Such Occasions as Marriages, Funerals, Christenings, Social Gatherings, etc." Among its contents, are found "Marriage Services," "The Naming of Infants," "Funeral Services," and "Invocations." Every one of these grotesque monstrosities has its origin in the very religious superstitions so strenuously combatted by the Secularist press. Apart from church dogmas, every one of these is worse than meaningless. Liberalism does not mean an ape-like mimicry of the very superstitions it exists to repudiate. No genuine Liberal can have any possible use for "forms and ceremonies." Especially do "invocations" and "christenings" read very queerly in the columns of a Secularist paper.

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A little more and the question will present itself: Shall China live and civilization perish, or shall civilization live and China perish? And the question will not go unanswered.—San Francisco Examiner.

Which civilization? That of the mad fiend on the German throne, that of starving and desperate Italy, that of inquisitorial Spain, that of Russian despotism, that of French anti-Semitic fury and dishonor, that of Great Britain's greedy clawing for gold over heaps of corpses, that of American hypocritical imperialism? The invader declares that the invaded must perish. Out upon such "civilization!"

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And now comes a crushing blow against all Anarchists. A phrenologist has informed the New York Journal that "the Anarchist has scientifically a brachycephalic head, and a shortening of the occipital lobe;" after which we are not surprised to be informed that "the inheritance of every Anarchist has a bias on his or her character." In other words, immediately a man ceases to believe in government, his brain becomes deformed, and his whole character deteriorated. Such are the effects of abandoning faith in a fetich. The logical connection is hard to see; but we are assured that it is so, and hence must bow to the oracle.

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An Anarchist may be sane on all other questions, but he is clearly insane on the question of government. —San Francisco Bulletin.

He who differs from the majority is always classed as "insane." But it is curious that the champions of government fail so signally to refute the arguments of these maniacs. Abuse and persecution are so much more conclusive than logic.

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If the world were a hundredth part as sensitive to the sufferings of the very poor as they are to the murder of a king, the causes that produce Anarchists would be recognized and removed. The killing of Humbert has given a shock to mankind incomparably greater than the starvation of millions of human beings in India has done.—Philadelphia North American.

Well meant; but not exact. The causes that breed hatred and bitterness would indeed be removed; but we adhere to the Anarchist propaganda through sober conviction that Anarchism alone shows how the removal of these causes may be brought about.

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Mr. J. A. Wilson of Amesbury objects to our characterization of the Anarchist deed which took the life of King Humbert of Italy. Mr. Wilson is a continual protestant. Society as it is conducted never appears to suit him, and he seems far removed from his neighbors when it comes to a consideration as to how this mundane sphere should be conducted. We accept Mr. Wilson's criticism of our utterances with equanimity, for we would not attempt to write to please men of his belief. That would be impossible. It would be impolitic, also, for he stands almost alone in this section in his radicalism.—Newburyport Evening News.

Note the frankness of the last sentence. It is "impolitic" to be honest, because it would offend more people than it would please. The remainder of the editorial is devoted to abuse of Anarchists as placing laziness as their supreme ideal; and to the expression of surprise that so diligent a worker as Comrade Wilson can have anything to do with them. Comrade Wilson has put the editor into a hole, out of which he vainly tries to squirm.

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ASSASSINATION NOT ANARCHY.

The editor of the Rutland Herald is a Socialist—or at least, claims to be. The owner of the Rutland Herald is a millionaire banker, president of the Rutland railroad, etc; he runs the paper in his own interest, and the editor as his menial. The following editorial appeared in the Herald of July 30:

The Anarchist assassin has gotten in his work again. The victim this time is one of the crowned heads of Europe. The death of King Humbert will be a great blow to united Italy and may even lead to the downfall of the house of Savoy. No political cause can be advanced with the knife. King Humbert's family has the sympathy of the whole civilized world.

Why does he say, the "Anarchist" assassin? He knows that Anarchists are reformers, persons seeking to better the conditions of man, the same as Socialists; only that Anarchists set no bounds to the improvement that is to be. While Anarchists refuse to be governed by the dictates of man, Anarchism requires strict obedience to Nature's laws; in fact, Anarchy is Nature. If he thinks we are mistaken in our views, he has the right to say so, and to show us wherein we are mistaken; but he has not the right to maliciously brand us as a body of criminals, simply because there is a little band of Italians down in New Jersey that *call* themselves Anarchists, and one of the band has killed a king.

Anarchy is not crime! it is the opposite of crime! To shoot a king, or a common soldier, is to violate the principles of Anarchy. Anarchy is opposed to the taking of human life; hence Gaetano Bresci, the assassin, cannot be an Anarchist; nor is he a product of the system of Anarchy, for the system does not exist; the existing system is dictated by government—legislation —man-made laws. The assassin of today is the product of government; of society as now organized. Hence the term "Anarchist" assassin is a misnomer. And why should the honest reformer seek to brand Anarchy with the crime of assassination, to the exclusion of government that with its hired assassins and professional killers is murdering thousands? Clearly, the act of the assassin is not the act of an Anarchist; but if the desire is to pronounce the murderer an Anarchist, why hesitate to pronounce all murderers Anarchists—even government, that murders by wholesale? Is it any the less a crime for the governing classes to take human life in the cause of greed, than for the governed class to take human life for the cause of liberty? Is our motto forever to be "might is right"?

And how is it that "King Humbert's family has the sympathy of the whole civilized world," whilst civilization dismisses the thought of sympathy for the families of soldiers sacrificed on the altar of capitalism? If civilization is more deeply affected by the death of a king than by the wholesale slaughter of common soldiers, our humanity must have formed a very erroneous estimate of the sacredness of human life. If our sympathy for the grief of the dead king's family is more acute than our sympathy for the grief of the slaughtered soldier's family, then are we hypocrites and false pretenders; then is our civilization vain, and our religion barbarous.

I am not speaking reproachfully of the editor. (I am told he is a good fellow.) I am speaking in sympathy for my fellow-man; of what an enormous price men have to pay to hold down a job.

Rutland, Vt. A. A. ORCUTT.

COMMENT.

In his zeal to defend the Anarchist cause, Comrade Orcutt is rather presumptuous and unjust toward our comrades in New Jersey, simply because he does not agree with Bresci's deed. That "little band of Italians down in New Jersey that *call* themselves Anarchists" are ardent workers in the Anarchist propaganda, and deserve no reproach. They not only publish a large weekly, *La Questione Sociale*, but also books and many pamphlets, never forgetting to support the propaganda in the English language.

On the other hand, Comrade Orcutt has no evidence that the New Jersey comrades knew anything about Bresci's intentions, nor has he proven that it is a crime to assassinate a tyrant. I claim Bresci was perfectly justified in assassinating King Humbert, acting simply in self-defence, as the trampled worm that turns; for the Italian government prevented him from living in a country he loved—on account of his opinions—and so the victim struck at the representative of such abominable tyranny. King Humbert never hesitated to have shot down even women and children, who simply asked for bread. And I deny, emphatically, that Bresci's deed has anything to do with Anarchist principles; no more than my killing of a poisonous snake is involved in the philosophy of freedom. But admitting, for the sake of argument, that Bresci's deed was not in accord with our principles, will Comrade Orcutt claim that all his own actions are consistent with Anarchist principles?

Let us not condemn, but rather hail those that have the courage to resist tyranny at the risk of their own lives, rather than to be submissive, cringing, vegetating slaves. A. I.

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The article, "Another Blow to Royalty," has been reprinted in leaflet form for wide distribution. It can be had from this office at 40 cents a hundred, other quantities at the same rate. Its special timeliness at present should cause it to be sown broadcast over the country. Order a supply, before they are gone. COME QUICK!

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Literature.

Leo Dayne. By Margaret Augusta Kellogg. Boston, Mass.: James H. West Co. Price $1.50.

This is one of the best-written American novels of the day. From personal acquaintance with the author, I know the sincerity of purpose which makes itself increasingly manifest from the first pages of the book to the last. The characters are vividly portrayed; and the incidents seem to live before the reader. A vein of quiet humor is a marked characteristic of the author's style; and delicious epigrammatic touches are not infrequent. The general theme of the work is the progress of an honest mind from religious superstition to a broad liberalism. But above all, it is an interesting story. You do not feel preached at, in any sense. The sex question is incidentally raised; and both sides are given a fair hearing, the author inclining slightly to the conservative, but far from being dogmatic. Elsewhere she merely hints at her position on suicide, as not merely justifiable, but often a highly virtuous act. Social issues are not clearly dwelt on; but many of them are incidentally treated. The author's literary style is admirable. I am not accustomed to deal in superlatives, but consider this book as likely to take a high and permanent place in American fiction.

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Co-operation in San Francisco.

An effort is being made to establish a co-operative store in San Francisco, on the Rochdale plan. Any person can share in the undertaking, on payment of one dollar as membership fee. A meeting of members and interested persons is held every Saturday evening at 312 Parrott Building, to which all are invited.

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In San Francisco.

A social and ball will be held in Turk St. Temple, 117 Turk St., Saturday, Sept. 15, at 8 P. M., the proceeds to be devoted to Free Society. Tickets, 25 cents, to be had from Comrade R. Rieger, 1705 Market St. Ladies admitted free.

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The number printed on the wrapper of your paper shows that your subscription has been paid up to that number.

FREE MARRIAGE.

I am an Anarchist. I believe in liberty, absolute, unlimited. I believe that every man, woman and child should be free. But I do not believe in all the absurditi s garbed and masked behind the word Anarchy, as expounded by many of its professed apostles. I do not believe that Anarchy stands for unorganized chaos, (1) or that liberty leads to a planless pandemonium. I believe in social organization, with co operation as the basic principle.

The pernicious doctrine that the family must be disrupted, in order to reach perfect and harmonious freedom under Anarchy, is too much propagated by a certain class of writers and speakers, whose prominence in our movement is a misfortune to the cause they profess to champion. I certainly do not believe in a law-enforced marriage, in sex relations founded upon any kind of force, save the force of attraction, of love. (2) I am old-fashioned and orthodox to that extent—I believe in love. I believe in the beauties of family life, and in the reality of family ties. I would rather be the sole monarch (3) of one true woman's heart than the temporary lover of a dozen Cleopatras, whose charms are mostly second-hand, and in whose love-caresses I may see the practiced art of the refined harlot. (4) The family is the foundation of all refinement, of all morality, of all that is noble and pure in human character and thought; and without the family society would become, 'ere the transit of two suns, a brothel, man an unchained tiger, and civilization an iridescent dream. (5)

I believe in love and marriage—free love and free marriage (6)—and, above all, in the family life. The family constitutes the home; and without the home there can be no civilization, no morality, no order, nothing but universal chaos. (7) The free home and the free family life must be the basis of the free commune, as the free commune must be the foundation of that free international society for which the gospel of Anarchy stands. Otherwise Anarchy is but a horrid vision of that universal chaos so frequently associated with the term by our enemies. (8)

Silver Springs, Tenn. Ross WINN.

COMMENT.

1. Who does?

2. Then what quarrel have you with sex reformers, who are trying to establish that very principle of love as the only basis of sex association?

3. Is this the language of a believer in liberty?

4 When you find a free lover who idealizes harlotry, your criticism will be applicable.

5. Exactly the language which governmentalists use, to prove (?) that Anarchy would lead to chaos. Such bombastic phrases and dogmatic assertions carry no weight.

6. How can freedom exist in a state of bondage? Better look up the definition of marriage.

7. Even were this true, who wishes to interfere with family ties, by any who find happiness and growth in them? You are fighting a bogey of your own imagination. All that we ask is the elimination of compulsion. Only one who wishes to enslave another, after love has departed, could object to our aim. Those who prefer dualism in sex association will be perfectly free to live their life, and rear their family as they see fit. Nor will varietists boycott, ostracize, and constantly sneer at them, nor denounce them as immoral, vicious, and degraded. No varietist wishes to compel anybody to follow his example; it is the monogamists who are constantly insisting that all must be forced to do as they do. Comrade Winn has missed his aim, and is shooting at the wrong man.

8. The free home, the free family, the free commue, and all other good things, are involved in the fundamental principle of liberty. He who dares not trust liberty; and cannot credit free men and women with the ability to adjust their own social, domestic, and economic relations, without being held subject to certain fixed rules, is still a victim to the idea of uniformity, against which Anarchists strenuously contend. A diversified human nature calls for many varied forms of expression; out of which men and women, in a free society, gather an experience, which leads gradually to improved methods of living. Such is the process of evolution, and the monogamic family relation is no exception. It has no more "right of way" than any other institution. In a free society, it will be put to the test by the many who believe in it, and will stand or fall on its own merits, in comparison with other domestic arrangements. What more can the honest believer in its superiority demand? Time will show whether he is right or wrong; and rhetorical thunderbolts hurled at the head of those who differ from him will hardly serve his cause. Had we not better leave these things to the future, to the decision of the individuals whom they concern, and devote ourselves here and now to maintaining the cause of freedom?

CHORDS.

Two elders of "Dowie's Zion Church," in Chicago, went to Mansfield, O., to distribute pamphlets. The religious people of the town stripped the elders, and covered them with blue paint. On July 28, Rev. Gay Bryant headed a band of American "Boxers" at Shoal Creek, Cherokee County, North Carolina, preaching a sermon while they burned a "Sanctificationist" church, and exhorting the mob to continue the destruction of "Sanctificationist" property. It is not yet on record that the United States and the "allied forces" have taken steps to interfere with these "heathens."—San Francisco Star.

"Foreign devils," cried the ignorant Chinese. Thereupon the foreign nations confirmed the verdict. Now the educated Chinaman believes it too.—Justice.

If workingmen got the full value of their labor, there would be no surplus product in the hands of capitalists. Hence there would be no cry for expansion. See?—The Toiler.

Senator Hoar accusing W. J. Bryan of insincerity, on account of his position on the treaty, is like the pot calling the kettle black. For they are both in it up to their necks. They may not be insincere. But they both pay the penalty of office holding, in the dual lives they are obliged to lead.—Rockland Independent.

Some people do not want masters of any kind, no matter how gentle or obliging they may be. Even a kind master is after all a master; and that is what people object to. Kindness should not be forced upon people; a medicine may be good and still not wanted.—Newark Courier.

Much is said in the papers about the unanimity of the Democrats; but I can see only one thing upon which there is unanimity among them; and that is their belief in the right to skin the worker—there's unanimity there.—The New Light.

The New Orleans outrages hardly justify this country in forcing its rule upon subject colonies in the Philippines, because of our superior civilization.—Warren Herald.

The Letter-Box.

G. L., Milwaukee, Wis.—One dollar for pamphlets received. Thanks.

J. A. W., Amesbury, Mass.—No. 278 of Free Society and 250 leaflets ("Another Blow to Royalty") have been sent.

A. L., Chicago, Ill.—Your name is on our list, and Freedom (London) ordered.

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